

Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.

Laft, and as much containing as all thefe,
Her Brother is in secret come from France,
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himfelfe in clouds,
And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
With peftilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in neceffitie of matter Beggard,
Will nothing flicke our perfons to Arraigne
In care and care. O my deere Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
Giues me fuperfluous death. *A Noife within.*

Enter a Messenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noife is this?

King. Where are my Switzers?
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

Mef. Saue your felfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (ouer-peering of his Lift)
Eates not the Flats with more impitious hafte
Then young Laertes, in a Riotous head,
Ore-bears your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Cufome not knowne,
The Ratifiers and props of euery word,
They cry choofe we? Laertes fhall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes fhall be King, Laertes King.

Qu. How cheerefully on the falfe Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you falfe Danifh Dogges,

Noife within. Enter Laertes.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, firs? Stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.

Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.

Qu. Calmely good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes

Proclaimes me Bastard:

Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betwene the chafte vnsmirched brow
Of my true Mother.

King. What is the caufe Laertes,
That thy Rebellion lookes fo Gyant-like?
Let him go Gertrude: Do not feare our perfon:
There's fuch Diuinity doth hedge a King,
That Treafon can but peepe to what it would,
Afts little of his will. Tell me Laertes,
Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go Gertrude.
Speake man.

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Qu. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? He not be Iuggel'd with.
To hell Allegiance: Vowes to the blackeft diuell.
Confcience and Grace, to the profoundeft Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I ftand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely He be reueng'd
Moft thoroughly for my Father.

King. Who fhall fay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, He husband them fo well,
They fhall go farre with little.

King. Good Laertes:

If you defire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
That Soap-ftake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Loofer.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then,

La. To his good Friends, thus wide He ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you fpeake

Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltleffe of your Fathers death,
And am moft fenfible in greefe for it,
It fhall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

*A noife within. Let her come in.
Enter Ophelia.*

Laer. How now? what noife is that?
Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares feuen times felt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heauen, thy madneffe fhall be payed by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Roie of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, fweet Ophelia:
Oh Heauens, is't poffible, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,
It fends fome precious inftance of it felfe
After the thing it loues.

Oph. They bore him bare fad on the Beer,

Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:

And on his graue raines many a teare,

Fare you well my Dove.

Laer. Had'ft thou thy wits, and did'ft perfwade Re-
uenge, it could not moue thus.

Oph. You muft fing downe a-downe, and you call
him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is
the falfe Steward that stole his mafters daughter.

Laer. This nothings more then matter.

Oph. There's Rofemary, that's for Remembrance.
Pray loue remember: and there is Paeonies, that's for
Thoughts.

Laer. A document in madneffe, thoughts & remem-
brance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennell for you, and Columbine: ther's
Rew for you, and heere's fome for me. Wee may call it
Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you muft weare your Rew
with a difference. There's a Dayfie, I would giue you
fome Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy-
ed: They fay, he made a good end;

For bonny fweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Paffion, Hell it felfe:
She turnes to Favour, and to prettineffe.

Oph. And will he not come againe,

And will he not come againe:

No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,

He neuer wil come againe.

His Beard as white as Snow,

All Flaxen was his Pole:

He is gone, he is gone, and we caft away mone,

Gramercy on his Soule.

And of all Chriftian Soules, I pray God.

God buy ye.

Laer. Do you fee this, you Gods?

King. Laertes, I muft common wih your greefe,
Or you deny me right: go but apart,

Make

Make choice of whom your wifeft Friends you will,
And they fhall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Colateral hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in fatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we fhall ioyntly labour with your foule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be fo:

His meanes of death, his obfcure buriall;
No Trophée, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall oftentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I muft call in queftion.

King. So you fhall:

And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me. *Exeunt*

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would fpeake with me?

Ser. Saylor's fir, they fay they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in,

I do not know from what part of the world

I fhould be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Saylor.

Say. God bleffe you Sir.

Hor. Let him bleffe thee too.

Say. Hee fhall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter
for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambaffadours that was
bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let
to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

*H*Oratio, When thou fhalt haue overlooked this, giue thefe
Fellows fome meanes to the King: They haue Letters
for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very
Warlike appointment came vs Chace. Finding our felues too
flow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I
boarded them: On the inftant they got cleare of our Shippe, fo
I alone became their Prifoner. They haue dealt with mee, like
Theenes of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe
a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue
fent, and repaire thou to me with as much hafte as thou wouldest
fye death. I haue words to fpeake in your eare, will make thee
dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter.
Thefe good Fellows will bring thee where I am. Rofuerance
and Guildenfterne, hold thee your courfe for England. Of them
I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.

He that thou knoweft thine,

Hamlet.

Come, I will giue you way for thefe your Letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muft your confcience my acquittance feal,
And you muft put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father flaine,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againft thefe feates,
So crimefull, and fo Capital in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wifedome, all things elfe,

You mainly were ftirr'd vp?

King. O for two fpecial Reafons,
Which may to you (perhaps) feeme much vnfonowed,
And yet to me they are ftrong. The Queen his Mother,
Liues almoft by his lookes: and for my felfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's fo coniunctiue to my life and foule;
That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not go,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too lightly timbred for fo loud a Winde,
Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And fo haue I a Noble Father loft,

A Sister driuen into desperate tearmes,
Who was (if praifes may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your fleepes for that,

You muft not thinke

That we are made of ftuffe, fo flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be fhooke with danger,
And thinke it pafstime. You fhould haue heard more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selve,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What Newes?

Mef. Letters my Lord from Hamlet. This to your
Maiefty: this to the Queene.

King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?

Mef. Saylor's my Lord they fay, I faw them not:
They were giuen me by Claudio, he receiud them.

King. Laertes you fhall heare them:

Leaue vs. *Exit Messenger*

*High and Mighty, you fhall know I am fet naked on your
Kingdome. To morrow fhall I begge leaue to fee your Kingly
Eyes. When I fhall (firft asking your Pardon thereunto) re-
count th'Occafions of my fadaine, and more ftrange returne.
Hamlet.*

What fhould this meane? Are all the reft come backe?
Or is it fome abufe? Or no fuch thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's Character, naked and in a Poft-
fcript here he faves alone: Can you aduife me?

Laer. I'm loft in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warms the very fickneffe in my heart,
That I fhall liue and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddeft thou.

King. If it be fo Laertes, as how fhould it be fo:

How otherwife will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If fo you'l not o'rerule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,

As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes

No more to vndertake it; I will worke him

To an employ now ripe in my Deuice,

Vnder the which he fhall not choofe but fall;

And for his death no winde of blame fhall breath,

But euen his Mother fhall vncharge the practice,

And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence

Here was a Gentleman of Normandy,

I'ue feene my felfe, and feru'd againft the French,

And they ran well on Horlebacke; but this Gallant

Had